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In the primal days of the American press, as in those of our race, there were giants in the land. Men wrote to elevate, and if in the advocacy of the public weal, it was thought necessary to hold up, for sharp animadversion, either a measure or a man, neither uncomely epithet nor railing speech degraded the author of the sarcasm to the level of its subject. Too many now there are, who like the fiery orator "cannot be severe and parliamentary at the same time." The following excerpt shows that there are some left to wield

"The wit,
Which without tearing can hit,"
and to wield it effectively.
[From the New York World.]
Butler, LL. D.

That moderately ancient and highly respectable seminary of learning known as Williams College, in the State of Massachusetts, has just conferred upon Major General Benjamin F. Butler the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

All persons who may have occasion hereafter to address the distinguished officer who, from his headquarters at Point of Rocks, in Virginia, now controls the organization of the Army of the Potomac and the appointments of the War Department, and divides with Major John Hay the arduous and responsible duty of directing the President's conscience, will be good enough, therefore to take notice that he is to be designated by the style and titles of the Hon. Major General Benjamin F. Butler, LL.D. Faithful just at present to the military duties which absorb the greater part of his time, this illustrious personage holds to the maxim, *inter arma silent leges*, and is not likely to be heard of as particularly active either in investigating, dispensing, or upholding the laws of which he has just been declared a doctor. But that he is intrinsically worth of the distinction conferred upon him, we have his high authority for believing, as a telegram from his own headquarters abundantly shows.

The bated breath with which the distinguished son of the Bay State there speaks of his own learning and accomplishments is characteristic of his modest and retiring nature; while the vague and uncertain recollection he retains of his previous recognition as a doctor of laws will surprise only those who are ignorant of the fact that the force of his genius is equaled by its vast utility, and that of him it may be truly said, in the language of antiquity, *omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, "he has made all manner of points wherever he found a good thing in his way." Honors and distinctions have been showered upon him in such profusion from his youth up, that it need excite no wonder if he is unable to remember them all with exactness. Those even who seek the record of General Butler's achievements in art and letters in the annals of the inferior courts of Massachusetts and in the pages of the Democratic Review alone will see that this eminent jurist, philosopher, and poet has frequently soared beyond a casual vindication of the lawfulness of African slavery, a brilliant application of the rules of evidence to the relief of a village swindler, or a sonnet to the nymphs of Lake Champlain. In the

same volume of the Democratic Review for 1842 which contains a luminous plea for secession in an article by Mr. David Dudley Field on the rebellion of Dorr in Rhode Island, may be found poems by Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell, upon William Penn and John Calvin, so replete with theological fervor and learning that no man after reading them could be surprised to hear that Williams College had added to its certificate of legal excellence the goodly diploma of a doctor of divinity. Justice, however, is always done sooner or later, here or hereafter, to such talents and qualities, and he must entertain but an imperfect faith in Providence, and in a divine distribution of rewards and punishments, who doubts that the Hon. Major General B. F. Butler, LL.D. will eventually be D—D.

It would be doing the faculty of Williams College less than justice, however, to suppose that they were led to decorate their academic rolls with the name of Butler simply from admiration of his performances in the police courts of Lowell, and in the pages of a popular magazine. Those grave and reverend seniors are familiar with the more solid and more serious works of this "leading American scholar."

They honor him for that profound and logical justification of the ways of God to man which, under the title of the "Analogy," has done so much to fortify the hope of those who, sickening at the sight of the temporary triumph of brutality over civilization, of vulgar impudence over dignified merit, and of cowardly ferocity over helpless weakness, look forward to a future retribution which shall adjust the balance between right and might.

They honor him, too, for those learned "Lives of the Saints," which prove his sympathy with the nobility of human suffering, and his respect for the sanctity of conscience; and for those Horæ Juridicæ, in which he has shown how large a comprehension he has of the majesty of the law; how deep a horror of all the wanton and arbitrary follies which insolence and ignorance, dressed in a little brief authority, are sure to perpetrate.

They honor him again for that admirable poem of "Hudibras," in which he has embalmed all the finest traits of his own character. There they find him teaching us to "have a care of the main chance," rebuking the simpletons, who would create loyalty by compelling perjury, with the solemn maxim that

"He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it;"

cheering the plundered citizens of Louisiana with the reflection that

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat;"

giving the inexperienced a safe measure of the value of patriotism by reminding them

"What is worth in any thing
But so much money as 'twill bring?"

illustrating his own conversion from Democracy to Republicanism, and from servility to Jefferson Davis to supremacy over Abraham Lincoln, by the sage thought,

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year;
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again? Two hundred more!"

and summing up, finally, the whole art of war as victoriously practiced by himself upon the fields of Big Bethel and Bermuda Hundred, in the conclusive dogma:

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain!"

Here are titles enough surely to all the distinctions which Williams can bestow, and when

we remember that all those usual claims upon academic interest and respect are cumulated in the case of Major General Butler by a heroism before which the most spiteful daughters of New Orleans have grown pale, and the most audacious octogenarian beadles of Virginia have quailed, who can refuse his tribute of gratitude to the academy which has delighted to honor this equal master of the pen and sword? May the faculty of Williams pass their lives under laws administered by their own doctor! and when earth resigns him to a warmer and more congenial sphere, may the dean of their faculty survive to inscribe upon his tomb the simple but touching epitaph,

"Thou hast
Outrun the constable at last!"

It appears by the latest advices from Europe (August 5) that a difficulty has occurred between the U. S. Consul at Alexandria, Egypt, and the Egyptian Government. It appears that "an American, in erecting a steam engine, partially destroyed an aqueduct for supplying the town with water. The Consul, on being applied to by the authorities, stopped the works, but subsequently permitted them to proceed.—The Government then forceably interfered, and ejected the workmen. The Consul hereupon demanded satisfaction for the insult to the U. S. flag. He refused to accede to the proposal that each party should send an engineer to inspect the alleged damage, agreeing to abide by their joint decision, and threatened to strike his colors unless satisfaction was given within twenty-four hours. Accordingly after that time had elapsed the flag was hauled down, and a dispatch from the Government, which arrived almost immediately afterwards, was returned unopened. The Consul telegraphed to Constantinople, and the matter rests."

The Atchison Kansas Press has news from Little Blue that the Indians, on Sunday last commenced an indiscriminate murder of the whites in that section of the stage route. The station keepers and settlers are all leaving.—The overland mail coaches have stopped running. The St. Louis Democrat's Leavenworth despatch says the Indian outrages continue in Northern Kansas. The people in the north-western counties have been murdered, their crops destroyed, and stock driven off. The evidence accumulates that all or nearly all the tribes on the plains are banded together for war. Gen. Blunt has issued orders that no arms or ammunition be sold them, and has notified all officers, having authority over the Indians, not to permit them to leave their reservations for the West, and that such acts will be taken as a proof of their hostility, and treated accordingly.

Gen. Burnside has been "relieved of his command" in the Army of the Potomac, and has gone to Rhode Island, on a leave of absence.

The trial of Gen. Spinola, by court martial has ended. The prosecution failed—and the matter was dismissed.